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## THE PEACOCK'S LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY A PARENT'S NEGLECT.

THE sable Rook, in this tall grove,  
His mourning plumage wears ;  
In silent grief, the pensive dove  
On yonder pine appears.

For when the bland nutritious food  
The parent ceas'd to give ;  
Then death within the confines stood,  
And Peacock ceas'd to live !

The rigid Winter's frosty gales  
Have chill'd the warbler's throats ;  
A gelid stillness now prevails  
O'er all their finest notes.

But Winter hoar fly far away,  
And blooming spring abound ;  
Then this parterre will smile on day,  
And waft its odours round.

O'er Peacock's long neglected grave,  
The Spring's first flower's we'll spread ;  
The snow-drops and the crocus wave,  
In garlands round his bed.

The Lark aloft on trembling wing  
Leads on the tuneful throng,  
The Thrush and jetty Blackbird sing  
The Peacock's requiem song !

L.

TO DEBBY, WHO MADE ME A PURSE.

WITH wondrous art and industry  
A favourite maid the tissue wove,  
"Thy money here lay up," said she,  
"Let nought engage thy heart but love."

I took the gift, enclos'd my pelf,  
And drew the strings with nicest care ;  
I came to see my stores—poor elf !  
Alas, I found no money there.

I own the magic of thy art,  
Ah, Debby, dear, the charm undo ;  
For how can any human heart  
Think of his cash, and think of you ?

S.

## ADDRESS TO SPRING.

"COME, gentle Spring," ah, come and  
stay,  
Thy timid buds and flow'rets fear

To trust the yet uncertain year ;  
Ah, haste to bless thy own, thy longing  
May.

Did Winter, amorous of thy charms,  
Often step back at eve and morn  
To greet thee at thy favourite thorn,  
Ah ! how thou shrunk within his icy arms !

Too like the blooming maid—To-day  
Doom'd by cold Interest's command,  
To wrinkled age to yield that hand  
Plighted to rosy youth—now left to pine  
like May.

But come, nor fear to spread thy green  
O'er thine own lawns, and deck thy  
flowers,  
Then joyous stray amid thy bowers,  
Drest by thy constant May, with hand un-  
seen.

## IMPROMPTU.

OH ! impious Spain, who did at first  
Rip up Earth's very guts for gold,  
Now may you reckon the deed accurst,  
Now ev'n yourselves are bought and  
sold !

Proud Britons spurn your earthly ore !  
With taxes high, and pockets light !  
Borne on the car of Credit, soar,  
Yoke with stamp'd wings the buoyant  
kite.

## SELECTED POETRY.

EPITAPH ON BUTLER, THE AUTHOR  
OF HUDIBRAS.

Written by ——— O'Brien, and placed in  
Covent Garden Church, where Butler was  
buried. It is under a bust of the Poet, set up  
at the expense of some inhabitants of the  
parish.

A FEW plain men, to pomp and pride  
unknown,  
O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble  
stone.  
Whose wants alone his genius could sur-  
pass,  
Victim of zeal ! the matchless Hudibras !

What, tho' fair freedom suffered in his  
page,  
Reader, forgive the author—for the age,  
How few, alas ! disdain to cringe and cant,  
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant .